

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

BRITHERLY KINDNESS.

A HYMN SERMON—BY THE MINISTER OF MOLESWORTH.

MY DEAR HEARERS,—This is gaun' tae be an unco practical discourse. Onythin' that gars ane wonner hoo mony bawbees he can spare without muckle inconvenience maun aye be intensely interesting tae us a'.

Noo, that very fac' tells us that the sair place is no i' the pocket, but i' the heart. First and foremost, then, afore we can dae a real britherly kindness, that spot maun be saftened. It's like thae cut nails ye buy, noo-a-days, ye canna mak them clinch ava' until ye put them i' the luntin' lowe, an' then when they're cauld they're as teugh as wire. Hech! but the luntin', bleezin lowe is an unco safter. Ay, let me tell ye, there's no a heart here that feels for anither, but what has already felt for itself. Charity is shure tae begin at hame.

There are some miserly, crabbit fouk that think a penny saved is always a penny gained. They are unco laith tae dae or gie' for anither's guid. They wad as lieve tine their ain flesh as their fortunes, an' whan a lang-continued costly service is wanted there's a curse i' the heart if not upo' the tongue. Its a wanchancie affair a'thegither whan they hae tae help a neebor, an' they rax their hairns tae see hoo they can avoid it. O waesucks! they cry at the time they are tinea; the wark that's gangin' athart at hame; an' they are aye whingin' aboot the bawbees they are giein' awa. There are few tatics brocht oot o' their bings for the destitute; meal oot o' their pocks, or bannacks frae their awmries. Their cogies o' brose are ower sma tae boil for onybody else; their kale is seldom het whan wanted, an' their sowens are sunest dune. Ye never see them outhie wi' a cronie at their ain chimla-lug, an' their sang the lee-lang day is aboot the wastrie o' ithers.

Alake! their hearts are as hard as the whunstane, an' their feelin's as cauld as the airn. But let the grace o' God come like a knappin-hammer tae break the stane tae stour, an' like a bleezin' lowe tae pour the ore oot like water, an' then there will be blissin's gotten an' gi'en through britherly kindness dune.

"Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain."

There is no ane o' us but what kens somethin' aboot greetin'. I divna mean the screighin' o' weans an' the blubberin' o' lumps o' lads an' lassies, but the sechin' an' the sabbin' o' manly an' womanly distress. Ay, an' there's mony a one wha feels sae dowie an' wae that the fountain o' their tears is sealed. God gie them sune that relief that comes through greetin'. Shurely that man's no richt wha can jeer at the burnin' ee, or grin at the tear-wet cheek. O hoolie! hoolie! you that think yersel's sae gash that ye maun ding the errin' wi' their misdaeir's that are far ower kenspeckle already, an' wad ettle tae pang the glaikit fou o' that gumption ye sadly need yersel's. Ca' lightly. The sairly fasht divna need lang palavers frae the unco guid, nor the leg o' an auld sermon frae the gifted divines. The manner o' a freend, the kindly leuk, the outhie word, an' the lovin' grup, aftentimes dae a hantle mair guid than a great palaver that's only frae the teeth forrit.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief,
His secret bounty largely flows
And brings unasked relief."

What were we made for, I wad like tae ken? if it wasna tae glorify God an' keep His commandments. Weel did oor Maister fulfil the gowden rule He himsel' laid doon,—tae dae untae ithers as we wad like that they wad dae untae us—an' he lives best wha lives nearest tae what it tells us. There are some wha think they maun first find oot whether the body in distress is worthy o' help or no. The past life has tae be enquired intae, an' if there is an unco blot upo' the record, then guid-bye tae britherly kindness.

No ye divna ken hoo wrang this is. Hoo did oor Maister act? An' what saith the Scriptur'? What think ye o' the woman by Jacob's wal? Or what aboot that puir body taken in houghmagandie? Aboot little Zaccheus glowrin' oot at the crowd in the sycamine tree, or the thief upo' the cross? Did Jesus spier at them aboot their uprightness afore He did them a britherly kindness? Na, na, He kenn'd a' that richt

weel whilst He was daein' them a world o' guid. Let us, then, aye rax oot a helpin' han' tae the hilchin' beggar at the door, lend a shouther tae the wheel i' the glaur; speak kindly an' plainly tae the gangrel wha has tint the yett, an' hoise up the nappy loun that's pechin' i' the sheugh.

Its grace, friends, that saftens the heart an' maks us show britherly kindness tae the skellum even, wha has dune us muckle skaith. Ay, it gars us love him for what he is, no for what he has dune, just as oor Maister did afore us.

"To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow,
He views through mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe."

Mony a ane judges a stranger mair by the duds he wears than the parle he maks. Hoo aften does the maister o' a weel-stockit mailin' invite the dainty mensefu' traveller intae the spence an' hings up his haps i' the ha', whilst the puir tousie beggar gets a seat on the hallan by the door. He has a crack an' maybe a gill wi' the weel-faired chap as he crunches his breed an' mottie cheese, but the grousome wretch sits suppin' a bicker o' brose, or luntin' his cuttie oot-side. Noo, what maks the differ? It's no morality, for we can weel suppose the beggar tae be a God-fearin' creatur', an' the ither a rantin' sleekit hypocrite. Nor is it *worldly gear*, for the duds o' the ane are his ain, whilst the ither hasna a whang tae his name. Na, freends, its *graitth*. Ay, leuk at me. Ye gie me a Geordie, noo an' again, for the support o' the Gospel, an' aw'm muckle obleeged tae ye for't, but let me gang awa' come back in twa-score years—skin hale an' scart-free—wie my haffets a' lyart; my claes a' fyled, an' my gruntle a' rumkled, unshaven an' unshorn,—hoo much wad ye gie? I dinna ken, but I whyles think that yer britherly kindness wad creep doon frae a pund tae a penny.

Hech! but this is no the way tae get or gie a blessin'. What does oor verse say:—

"His breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal."

Noo, if we wad put oorsel's intae a needy body's shoon, we wadna be laith nor lang in giein' help. Better still, put the Man o' Sorrows there, an' dae yer britherly kindness tae Him. This is just what should be, an' freends, it'll no come amiss whan we hear that lovin' voice by an' by. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethern ye did it unto Me."

He wants naethin' for naethin', tak Him at His word. Amen.

For the Presbyterian.]

"EVEN SO, COME LORD JESUS, COME QUICKLY."

At morning when a hazy curtain's lying
In dewy splendour on the land and sea;
And nature all so joyously is waking,
With birdling music from each brake and tree.

Then I my eyes from slumber soft unclosing,
Turn gladly toward the rosy beaming sun;
And say in eager, yet in patient waiting—
Before the daylight fades the Lord may come.

And when at noon the burden heavier groweth,
And I am sinking 'neath the glare and heat;
Fond memory that the Lord indeed is coming,
Bids my poor fainting heart rejoice, not weep.

And as evening shades at length are falling,
And to a home of glory sinks the sun;
To heaven I turn my face with ardent longing,
And trustful hope ere morn the Lord will come.

So would I ever watch, my Lord, Thy coming,
To live each day as though awaiting Thee;
Until Thy fair, Thy long-expected presence,
Enthroned on clouds of heaven I shall see.

Though long the blessed Bride-groom seems to tarry,
And life is full of trouble and of care,
Yet what can happen that shall wholly crush me,
Since He has promised all my woes to bear?

Even now, I feel His helpful unseen presence,
A pledge that He'll be with me to the end;
That if I die before His final advent,
He'll be in death my strong unfailing friend.

Athol Manse.

—MINNIE F.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORDINATION.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me a few words in reply to your correspondent "X." History tells us that the public call and ordination of John Knox, by John Rough, in Saint Andrew's, was ever regarded by Knox as one

of the most interesting events of his life; he viewed it as the true foundation of his right to preach the Gospel, and to discharge all the functions of the ministerial office. Knox had indeed been ordained a priest some years before by the authorities of the Church of Rome, but his views had undergone so great a change and his convictions of the unscriptural character of Popery had become so strong that he never thought for a moment of putting his early ordination upon a par with the call given to him at Saint Andrew's.

Our reforming ancestors are said to have often been blamed for having swept away (from a morbid antipathy to Popery) not only the abuses and corruptions of that Church but everything that was decent in its worship and dignified in its government. Looking as they did upon the Church of Rome as the "Antichrist of Scripture" they were anxious to rid the reformed Churches of everything that bore the least resemblance to her characteristic features, in conscientious obedience to the call, "Come out of her my people that ye be not partners of her sins and that ye receive not of her plagues." "One is your master and all ye are brethren."

As to the Church of Rome being a Church of Christ, I would like to see higher authority than even the renowned Dr. Hodge of Princeton. Bring the question to the "law and to the testimony" which I trust will ever be the infallible rule for the Presbyterians of this Dominion. Nothing short of the sanction of Christ Himself should permit, without reordination, one who has vowed to worship the virgin and all the saints in the calendar, to break the bread of life to congregations acknowledging no head but Christ, and who hope for salvation through the shedding of his precious blood alone.

This is not a question, Mr. Editor, to be lightly looked upon at the present time; the enemy is wide awake, and our duty is "No Surrender."

I rejoice that Mr. Internoscia has renounced his allegiance to the Pope, and I heartily welcome him into a Church acknowledging no king but Jesus.

My earnest prayer is that the Presbyterian Church of this Dominion may be more and more the honoured means of upholding the truth as it is in Christ, at all times keeping a watchful eye upon the enemy of souls, and remembering as one of our eminent church historians, says that "our ancestors watered the roots of their beloved Church with their blood," and when it "waxed a great tree" and they were permitted to lodge under the shadow of its branches, they surveyed it with the fond pride of men who had a share in its privileges, and therefore a stake in its prosperity.

A MEMBER OF THE PRES. CHURCH IN CANADA.

SELECTION OF MUSIC FOR THE HYMNS.

MR. EDITOR,—I see from the report of the proceedings of the General Assembly of our Church, that the Hymn Book Committee have been re-appointed, with instructions to select suitable music for the hymns, and I suppose for the Psalms also, as I hope they will all be bound in one volume. Now, I know nothing about the ability of that Committee in musical matters, but it seems a little too much to expect that a Committee selected a year ago, to represent the different branches of our now united Church, and for the purpose of compiling a Hymn Book out of the four books in use in those different denominations which would be acceptable to all, should be competent to select, arrange and superintend the getting up of a music book that would be satisfactory to the whole of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and besides, I think it is only fair that those who take an interest in the Psalmody of our Church should have a voice in the matter. I am sorry to say that there are, as far as my experience goes, very few of our ministers (who usually do nearly all the talking at the Presbytery and General Assembly meetings) who take sufficient interest or who know enough about music to criticise their selection very efficiently. I would therefore suggest that when the Committee send down their revised collection of hymns for the approval of Presbyteries, an extra copy be sent to each minister for the use of his precentor or choir-leader with the names of such tunes as they may think suitable over each hymn, and where such tunes are to be found; and if they are to make any changes in the old Scottish Psalmody (which I think could be done very advantageously by omitting a great many tunes and inserting others more in harmony with the improved taste of the present day, and also by leaving a great